

# THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THUS WITH A FAITHFUL AIM, HAVE WE PRESUM'D,  
ADVENT'ROUS TO DELINEATE NATURE'S FORM;  
WHETHER IN VAST, MAJESTIC POMP ARRAY'D  
OR DREST FOR PLEASING WONDER, OR SERENE  
IN BEAUTY'S ROSEY SMILE. AKENSIDE.

VOL. V.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1805.

No. 24.

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

### AN IRONICAL ORATION,

IN PRAISE OF DUELLING,

Spoken by Mr. Thomas Allibone, Junr. on  
the 5th June, 1805, at the Commence-  
ment in the University of Pennsylvania.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE the honour of addressing you on the ancient and honourable practice of *Duelling*. Had I no higher object than to amuse you with description, or kindle a flash of feeling, I would call the *duel*, the crest of human glory, the cheap defence of honour, the Corinthian pillar of polished society. But such pompous encomiums would be as offensive to the correct taste of this audience as the tremendous declamations of the enemies of *duelling*, who by daubing it over with the horrid colours of malice and murder, have exposed it in such a shocking appearance, that one would think it fitter for the infernal spirits, than for the most polite class of mankind. Avoiding equally the partiality which drives praise to extravagance, and the moroseness which delights in aggravating the atrociousness of what it would calumniate; let us calmly inquire into the good and evil of *duelling*, and carry candour along with us.

Let it be admitted that the *duel* partakes of the imperfection of human things, producing, when it falls into improper hands, partial evil; tho' its natural tendency is towards general good. After this large concession is made, still it can be asserted that the *duel* has been practised time immemorial, in all civilized states, that it has never degenerated from its original principles and tendency, that it has been adored by those who have experienced its beneficial consequences; and reprobated by such only as had no practical acquaintance with it, that, when properly managed, it has never failed to remove controversy, and its cause out of

society; and that in no single instance has the loser who is always apt to complain, carried an appeal from a definitive sentence, to any human tribunal. Can the *Pulpit* or *Bar* say so much for any one of their institutions.

The enemies of *duelling* fight with a shadow. What a horrid crime, they exclaim, for one Christian to shed the blood of another in a *duel*!—who ever doubted it?—but who ever heard of such a thing.—These Gentlemen when they prove that certain classes of mankind ought not to fight *duels*, sophistically conclude that the *duel* is universally unlawful. Now the advocates for *duelling* unequivocally declare that the *duel* would be debased by rendering it universal; they maintain that not one in ten thousand of the human race, is entitled to the honour of leaving the world in this manner. The ladies are excluded in a mass; because it appears to be the intention of the Creator, that they should cherish, not destroy human life. Their virtues are of a very different nature from those displayed on the *duel-ground*; besides, as Ladies never give the lie, the cause of the *duel* does not exist among them. Among men, that large class denominated Christians, are prohibited by this law, and restrained by their temper, from *shedding blood in single combat*; humility is their honour, and forgiveness their pistol. Lawyers settle their disputes by the *statute book*; the Merchant appeals to his *leger*; and the labouring classes of mankind are so little accustomed to think, that they are incapable of forming the extremely abstruse and refined idea of honour, which makes it a man's duty to shoot his friend; and hence they universally confound the *duel* with murder.

There remains therefore only one small class who have the least pretension to the *duel*: I mean *Gentlemen* or *Men of Honour*, so called, because honour serves them for Bible, God and Conscience; they live, swear and die, by honour. In a word, they are subjects of the law of honour. But what is the law of honour? were it the law of God, the law of the land, or the law of nations, modesty would seal my lips in the presence of this learned assembly. But as there may

not be a man of honour present, I shall answer that query in the exquisite words of Paley:

"The law of honour," says that great Philosopher, "omits all such duties as relate to the Supreme Being, as well as those which we owe to our superiors; for what reason profaness, neglect of public worship, or private devotion, cruelty towards servants, injurious treatment of tenants or other dependants, want of charity to the poor, injuries done to tradesmen by insolvency or delay of payment, with numberless other instances of the same kind, are accounted no breaches of honour; because a man is not the less agreeable companion for these vices, nor the worse to deal with, in those concerns which are usually transacted between one Gentleman and another." He adds:

"The law of honour being constituted by men occupied in the pursuits of pleasure, and for the mutual convenience of such men, will be found as might be expected from the character and design of the law-makers, to be, in most instances, favourable to the licentious indulgence of the natural passions." And concludes with these words, which should be engraven on the hearts of *Gentlemen*. "Thus it allows of fornication, adultery, drunkenness, prodigality, *duelling* and of revenge in the extreme, and lays no stress upon the virtues opposite to these.

The greatest advocate for *duelling* never extended the privilege beyond these honourable men. It is their *rights* as *Gentlemen*, their elective franchise, their jury trial, their coat of arms: in short, they could no more do without it, than a Philosopher without cockle shells and butterflies; abolish *duels* and they cease to be accountable creatures: how could they be governed or settle their controversies without it; how often, for instance, does it become necessary to ascertain which of two gentlemen is a *liar*, or which of them is better beloved by their common female friend, these and a thousand other equally difficult and important subjects admit of no other mode of decision. I hope a great and magnanimous nation will never rob gentlemen of a privilege without which the association of honour would



crumble into atoms. And when it is considered that the principle of accommodation is interwoven with the whole texture of our constitution and laws, that it has been carried so far as to allow a large class of the community to speak the truth without swearing. I hope it will not be refused to men of honour to settle their disputes in their own way.

More might be said if one dare. Our constitution after all the fine things that have been said of its merits, which indeed are great—is grossly wrong in the articles which forbid nobility and titles of honour. It should be amended so as to admit the consecration of nobility of merit, without remainder however. Into this Legion of Honour should be admitted all such as could prove themselves subjects of the law of honour, in all its positive and negative clauses, which proof would be an easy matter, as their conduct is notorious. The title should continue for life unless forfeited by some dishonourable crime, such as *repentance*. The ensignia of the order should be a *dagger*, worn at the belt; and to distinguish them from the industrious class of citizens: a *cap* should be added, surmounted with a large *pair of horns*.

The advantages of such an order would be incalculable; for 1st. common citizens could then avoid their company.—and 2d. when foreign men of honour would visit our cities, they could at once find gentlemen to conduct them to places of genteel resort, and display our virtues and manners to them in the most advantageous light, while our illustrious guests would be spared, those awkward embarrassments into which they are so apt to fall, upon their first mixing with our simple and unpolished citizens; *duels* among such should be transferred from the class of *crimes* to that of *virtues*.

This matter is perfectly practicable. For if it be a correct principle that the *materials of Legislation*, should be sought for in the tacit maxims and habits of society, no time can be more suitable for such a law, than the present, as public sentiment has anticipated the law. Death by duel is not at all considered as *murder*.

Should one drunken Porter in a rage, knock out the brains of another, with a billet of wood, or paving stone; or a Negro in the kitchen run a fellow-servant through the guts with a spit: the city would be thrown into universal uproar, the union would ring with proclamations and rewards for his apprehension: nought but his blood could appease the incensed vengeance of the community; because such persons are considered

as subjects of moral government. But a man of *honour* steps out in the morning with his second and surgeon, blows out his friends brains, or whips him genteelly through the body with a small sword; returns home, dines with his friends, and appears at the theatre in the evening perfectly disembarassed; and were it not for the licentiousness of the *press*, nobody would hear a whisper of the matter. No person considers it as *murder*. *Homicide* it cannot be in any sense of the word: it is only the *extinction* of a *Gentleman*.

Any objections I have heard against *duelling*, are, in my opinion, and I hope you will think so too, unworthy of a serious answer. To the pathetic descriptions of *weeping mothers*, and *sobbing sisters*, and *widows* dissolved in tears; I answer in the words of the poet—that

Heaven is pleased to make distress become them,  
And clotheth them most amiable in tears.

You point me to the orphans of the deceased—I point you to the children of the survivor, and ask, are they in a preferable condition? You exclaim, it was a violation of the laws of the land—I answer, that is the law's fault, repeal it, and the offence ceases. But the man deserted his post?—No; he fell at it: he left a blank however in society—Grant at least that society has been saved the trouble of making the erasure.

But of all other things; I am surprised that it should be made an objection to *duelling*, that it excludes from the kingdom of Heaven. The objection would be insuperable if any man of honour ever purposed, or wished to remove to that country; but its laws, maxims, habits and enjoyments, are so entirely at war with all the souls of men of *honour*, that if they were cast on its shores by shipwreck, they would leave it the first fair wind. I have read somewhere that the *Devil* quit it as soon as he got a spark of *honour* in him, and I presume, *Men of honour* would follow the example. The only dishonourable circumstance attending the death by *duel*, for which I owe the mortification of an apology; is, that when gentlemen have not had the happiness of being *killed* dead on the spot, they have been known in a few rare instances to *pray*! and, which is still more rare, clergymen have been sent for. But when it is considered how much mental energy is impaired by a large effusion of blood, a candid mind will attribute such seeming defection, to debility of reason, or the recurrence of childish habits. Besides, the occurrence is extremely rare.

In a word, if *duelling* were confined to its proper objects, Men of Honour, there is no reason why the laws should prohibit it: no cause why we should be disturbed with absurd lamentations, about the irreparable injury it does to society.

And if once in a century a moral agent should, without passing through the lower grades of promotion, aspire at once to the honour of *fighting a duel*, men of honour show their liberality by admitting him into their corps without further ceremony. And surely it betrays *little dignity* on the part of those whom he forsook, to weep incontinent over the loss of a man, who would rather be *damned* than keep their company.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

(Concluded.)

Miss Manfield was equally inspired with a passion for Westerville; he seemed possessed of so much urbanity and goodness of heart, and such an air of softness shaded his manly countenance, that from so short an acquaintance he had become extremely interesting to her. There was a superior merit conspicuous in both, and a congeniality of disposition, which at once endeared them to each other by such attracting sentiments of purity as only virtuous and tender souls experience.—In a few days, Charles collected courage (for true love surmounts all difficulties) to acquaint her with his passion; and though awed, as it were, by her superior presence, yet he urged his suit so feelingly, that Louisa, who was a perfect stranger to coquetry, confessed her partiality. As frankness and generosity were among her predominant virtues, she listened to his protestations with increasing sensibility; and, candidly rising superior to the little arts and intrigues of her sex, at once kindly completed the measure of his happiness by avowing a reciprocal attachment. In their conversation she noticed the romantic appearance of their acquaintance, and Westerville quoted a passage from Shakespeare extremely apropos:—“We no sooner saw each other,” said he, “but we loved; no sooner loved, but sighed; no sooner sighed, but asked each other the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but sought, and I hope, have found, the remedy.”—Louisa blushed.

Sweet sensibility! to thee we owe the finer emotions of the soul, and all the exquisite sensations of mutual love! 'Tis thou who enlarges the heart, and inspires it with



those soft affections which unite us together in sympathetic bonds of dearest amity!

Towards the upward part of Westerville's retreat, was a little plantation of yews and cypresses, so situated, that it commanded a fine view of the whole landscape, in the midst of which was a clear plot of green herbage; save one poor solitary willow, whose weeping branches pensively swept the sward. Here Charles determined to erect an octagon Temple in compliment to Miss Manfield, as the place was not only peculiarly adapted for meditation, but likewise a walk of which she was extremely fond. Accordingly he applied to some workmen, and at the same time wrote to a friend for such decorations as he thought necessary for the completion of his design. In a little time, he had the pleasure not only of announcing the idea, but also of communicating the pleasing intelligence to Miss Manfield, who took the first opportunity of accompanying him to her intended seclusion, for which she had already conceived an unusual predilection. Nor was she disappointed; for she saw that the hint was taken from one of Mr. Potter's beautiful Novelettes, of which she was fond to a degree of enthusiasm; in compliment, therefore, to Miss Manfield, permit me occasionally to make use of his description.

The weeping willow stood a few paces before the Temple; a myrtle had spread its branches over the front of the building; and a jasmine, which was taught to wind up the fluted columns of the portico, hung down in festoons on each side. On a marble frieze was this inscription, from Sterne:—

#### TEMPLE OF SENSIBILITY.

"Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted  
"of all that's precious in our joys, or costly  
"in our sorrows! Thou chainest thy martyr  
"down upon his bed of straw; and 'tis  
"thou who lifts him up to heaven—eternal  
"fountain of our feelings!—'Tis here I  
"trace thee——!"

Within was a neat bookcase, which contained a judicious selection of the most esteemed works, put up in elegant bindings: on a broad marble column which seemed to support it, were these words—

"Sweet pliability of man's spirits, that  
"can at once surrender itself to illusions  
"which cheat expectation and sorrow of  
"their weary moments!"

The walls were painted a pale green, and tastefully ornamented with small marble busts of Richardson, Rousseau, Sterne, and Zimmerman. In a niche was placed a marble urn, in which grew a sensitive plant,—

a beautiful emblem of the divinity of the place—contracting its leaves at the slightest touch, and shrinking from the softest breath of air.

Her tender breast with pity seems to pant,  
And shrinks at ev'ry shrinking of the plant.

HAYLEY.

To this enchanting retreat Westerville would retire with his dear Louisa, where, tasting all the delights of a refined and mutual affection, they seemed but to live in each other's company. They would spend the whole day alternately persuing their favorite authors, and anticipating scenes of future happiness; or, as fancy led, would stray along the vale indulging the feelings of reciprocal affection.

Oh! happy state of heart-felt rapture!—secure of each other's affections, they lived free from those corroding passions which disturb mankind in an intercourse with the world. Their tender hearts were equally susceptible to the rapturous emotions of that refined passion; and, superlatively happy in each other's presence, they passed their time experiencing all those ecstatic sensations which a truly virtuous love can inspire. In this retired situation they saw few of the miseries of mankind.—But soon, fond couple, shall ye experience fortune's keenest adversities; for, know, that the officious tongue of fame has already reported the dreadful tidings to old Westerville. For a while, rage and contempt alternately racked his sordid bosom; at length he set out, vowing revenge on a son, who could bring (as he considered it) such contempt upon his family. He reached Charles's habitation just as the latter had returned from the "Temple of Sensibility," where he had left Miss Manfield, in order to fetch his flute. After the old man's frenzy had somewhat subsided, he ordered Charles into the carriage, who just had time to entrust a line with the old housekeeper, wherein he mentioned his unhappy fate, and vowed eternal fidelity. In a moment they were out of sight; and, on their arrival in town, Charles was immediately sent on board a vessel, with a packet of written instructions to direct him on a mercantile affair of importance.

The ship on board which Westerville had embarked was driven by a tempest into the north seas, and compelled to seek anchorage not far from the object of his affections. Though the captain had received positive injunctions not to suffer Charles to land until they reached the destined port, yet, by appealing to the feelings of even the rough sailor, he was so far prevailed on by

the language of natural affection, as to put him on shore for a few hours. But what were Westerville's sensations, when he found himself beneath the valley on whose bank he had so often wandered with his beloved Louisa!—Love increased agility, and brought him in a little time to his favorite Temple. He entered hastily, but found it unoccupied; though from the freshness of a line (which was scarcely dry) drawn under these words in Sterne's Maria,—“God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,”—he was convinced some one of sensibility had been perusing that exquisitely pathetic tale. The remark affected him exceedingly, and he thought it had touched Louisa, for he fancied that there was a tear here and there upon the page. In ascending the hill towards Mr. Manfield's, he caught a transient glance of Louisa passing through the wicket, which caused him to proceed with redoubled energy; insomuch, that on entering the well known door he was quite exhausted with the exertion and the anticipated pleasure of meeting Miss Manfield.

I shall slightly pass over a separation that I can inadequately describe. Miss Manfield accompanied Westerville to the boat, where their emotions were discovered by the rough sailors; and,

“Albeit, unused to the melting mood.”

Yet it operated so powerfully on their feelings, that their hearts overflowed with tenderness, while the generous souls freely offered to leave Westerville in the arms of his dear Louisa.

But the lovely girl, aware of the consequences which must inevitably ensue, preferred Westerville's welfare to her own; and, sooner than he should further incur the displeasure of an already incensed parent, positively insisted on being left to her fate, which be it what it would, was joy, was ecstasy, compared to his unhappiness. She saw the boat which contained her all in this world, save her father, move from the shore; and, pursuing it with a frantic pleasure, saw them safe on board, in order to pursue a voyage which soon proved so fatal to her peace.

The mind of sensibility takes a pleasure in brooding over sorrows that flow for a worthy object; and Miss Manfield had a pensive satisfaction in every thought that recalled the idea of Westerville. She was never absent from the “Temple of Sensibility” when her presence was unnecessary at home, for her greatest happiness consisted in perusing those favourite passages whose beauties he had first pointed out to her. From the similitude between her own situation and



Anna's, in Falkner's shipwreck, to which she knew Westerville's attachment, it became her constant companion. How often on perusing this charming poem, would she exclaim, in the pathetic language of the inspired writer,—"Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night!"

When accumulated misfortunes press upon us, and we are abandoned by those who in the days of our prosperity the most disinterested friendship, then are the charms of literature a solace indeed, and a good book becomes the best friend.

One evening towards the latter end of the year, as Mr. Manfield was endeavouring to to dispel, by innocent diversions, a more than ordinary gloom, which pervaded the countenance of his dear child, a sudden and violent tempest arose in the east, which swelled the sea to an amazing height: a dismal darkness, encompassed the earth, save that the frequent flakes of vivid lightning now and then illumined the mountains, and discovered several large black clouds which presaged an impending storm. Louisa retired to her room, but the dreadful idea of Westerville's enduring the tempest, inspired unutterable anguish. Her big heart throbbed with incredible violence against a tender bosom much too small for such an agitated inhabitant. She flew to her favourite "shipwreck," and, indulging a kind of melancholy woe, her wild imagination presented the crew of the much-wished for vessel experiencing all the sufferings which the poet so movingly describes.

Mr. and Miss Manfield the next morning directed their walk towards the sea shore, for the humane purpose of rendering assistance to any object that they might find in distress, but more particularly to prevent the inhabitants of the neighbouring parishes from plundering those unfortunate fellow-creatures, who have suffered, far from home, a watery death: 'twas a sweet morning and such as often succeeds a storm. They reached the strand:—but what are Louisa's sensations on discovering a lifeless body on the water, which the surf, in a moment, throws at her feet!—Her natural humanity soon collects fortitude to examine the corse: her heart beats with unusual palpitations as she gazes upon something half-concealed in the stranger's bosom.—Good Heavens!—'tis the portrait of Louisa Manfield, prest close to the clay cold breast of Charles Westerville!—She falls apparently lifeless upon the body!—Her senses, alas! are flown forever! \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

DELIUS.

#### WHETHER REFORMED RAKES ARE THE BEST HUSBANDS.

This adage ought to be exploded, both because it carries absurdity on the face of it, and has manifestly an immoral tendency. Of a man who indulges in the grossest sensualities, it may be expected that he will abandon his vicious course rather from satiety than sentiment, and therefore but little praise is due to him on the score of amendment; for where is the smallest merit of refraining from actions, whose frequency has cloyed and palled the appetite, and destroyed the force of incitement? To eradicate ill habits, confirmed by long acquaintance, is a task of great difficulty. And a man who has been once a slave to intemperance and debauchery, is seldom able to rescue his mind from the dominion of that gross sensuality to which he had before yielded implicit submission. I believe I shall not run the hazard of contradiction when I assert, that those who are called men of the world entertain a most unworthy opinion of the female sex in general. Of this Lord Chesterfield is one instance, and many others might be easily produced. How can we account for this depravity of sentiment in men of gallantry, but by supposing that their intercourse with dissolute and abandoned women induce the belief, that the vices they know belong to some, are likewise the property of others, whose characters have not deserved the smallest impeachment. Upon the whole, I am most clearly persuaded, that a reformed rake, or a man satiated with the scenes of debauchery, is unworthy the preference that the ladies are too apt to allow him, and that a good husband is only to be expected in the man of strict moral integrity.

"Be guarded in thy words," said a quaker to his son, "lest at any time they bear a construction thou dost not mean, and tend to thy disadvantage." A caution needful to all; for though the intention may be blameless, the expression may only be taken literally, and give offence.

A jolly West-Indian, whenever the neighbouring girls came to his plantations, insisted upon their sipping his choicest syrups, and reiterated the terms "my lasses;" thence the name of that syrup. Few words have aberrated from their primitives less than this.

The veriest nothings kindle strife  
'Twixt Ben the grocer and his wife;  
Such quarrels sure are out of season,  
For what's a jar without a raisin.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

##### LIFE OF JEAN SYLVAIN BAILLY.

Jean Sylvain Bailly, a celebrated writer on astronomy and other sciences, polite literature and biography, and a principal agent in the Revolution of '92 in France, was born at Paris on the 15th of September, 1736. His family followed the profession of painting for several generations, and he himself was also intended for the same employment, and had actually made some progress in the art. But his attachment to literary pursuits, more especially poetry, and works of imagination, prevented his making those advances in his profession which are absolutely necessary to secure eminence.

It has been observed by Dr. Johnson, that genius is the energy of a mind of great power, directed to a particular object by some incident or event; a truth which has been sufficiently shewn in a variety of instances, and may be easily deduced from a general contemplation on the great simplicity of mental operations in science and in polite literature. Bailly cultivated both, but was advised by his friends to attend more particularly to the sciences; and his studies were still more strongly directed to these objects, in consequence of his being introduced to La Caille, and other scientific men. The theory of the satellites of Jupiter formed a particular object of his successful inquiries; upon which he communicated a number of memoirs to the Royal Academy of Sciences, and afterwards published a work in quarto in 1766. In the *Journal encyclopedique* for May and July, 1773, he addressed a letter to Mr. Bernoulli on some discoveries relative to Jupiter's moons, which he had contested. In 1768 he published the eloge of Leibnitz, which gained the prize at the academy of Berlin, and was printed; a work of great merit, in which he enlarges upon some particulars which had been more concisely treated by Fontenelle, but in which much still remains to be wished respecting that wonderful man. In 1770 he printed the eulogies of Charles the Fifth, of La Caille, Leibnitz, and Corneille. The latter obtained the accessit of the Academy of Rouen, and his elogy of Moliere had the same honour bestowed upon it by the French academy.

In the year 1775 his first volume of the "History of ancient Astronomy" was published at Paris, the second volume of which appeared in 1787; and in 1779 he printed his *History of modern Astronomy*, from



the foundation of the Alexandrian school to the present age, both which are of inestimable value, and have been reprinted. He also published "Letters on the Origin of the Sciences, and of the People of Asia," in one octavo volume; and another series of Letters on the Atlantis of Plato, and the ancient History of Asia, forming a continuation of the preceding volume, both of which were addressed to Voltaire. His Discourses and Memoirs, which include the eulogies before mentioned were also published in two volumes in the year 1790; and his memoirs, communicated to the French Academy, as they appear in Rozier's index, amount to 15 celebrated astronomical discourses.

The reputation of Bailly was such, that he was received in the French academy as adjunct on the 29th of January 1763; and associate on the 14th of July, 1770. In 1771 he was candidate for the office of secretary, which, however, was given to Condorcet. In the year 1784 he was nominated one of the commissioners to examine and report concerning the animal magnetism of Mesmer, as practised by Deslon. The report presented to the academy on this occasion, which was soon after translated into English, was not only decisive with regard to its object, but may serve as a rule for the future operations of the investigators of similar delusions. It is likewise of the greatest value for the light which it throws upon the physical effects produced by moral causes; which are more particularly interesting, on account of the political influence which causes of this nature have ever had on the general opinions of society, and the destiny of nations.

Bailly was one of the early and most zealous promoters of that revolution of France, which has astonished and convulsed all Europe, but the ultimate consequences of which have been so unfavourable to liberty. It is very difficult, during the confusion of opposite interests, and the rancour of party violence, to ascertain the passing events, and still more the characters of the agents, in political scenes. Bailly was most eminent among those men of undoubted ability who used every exertion to give an impulse to the public mind, which they found it afterwards impossible to repress, though it afterwards effected their own personal destruction. Bailly, a prominent object in that scene, where motives, character, and views, were traduced, vilified, and confounded, has had the singular fortune to be well spoken of by both parties. They who accuse him of harshness and ingratitude to the government which was destroyed in this struggle, do not hesitate to admit that he was

misled by what he conceived to be the highest duties, calling upon him as a patriot and man of integrity; and among those who thought that society ought to have been regenerated by an overthrow of established forms and regulations, he was considered as one of the first of patriots, whose name would be dear to future times, when the prejudices and interests of the old systems had disappeared.

He was elected a deputy to the *tiers etat* at the assembling of the states general of France, and was president of the first national assembly at the time the king's proclamation ordered them to disperse. During the struggle between the popular part of the then subsisting assemblies and the court, Bailly was the most forward to assert those popular rights which at that time were new in France; and it is probable that his temerity might have been productive of bad consequences to himself if he had not been seconded by the famous Mirabeau. It was Bailly who dictated the oath to the members of the *tiers etat*, "to resist tyrants and tyranny, and never to separate until they had obtained a free constitution."

On the 14th of July, in the same year, 1789, being the day on which the Bastille was stormed and taken by the people, he was appointed mayor of Paris. During this situation he was the very conspicuous instrument of the various steps by which the popular cause predominated over that of the court, for which and various other events during his mayoralty, he enjoyed a high degree of popularity. But the stream of public opinion, and the notion of unlimited sovereignty on the part of the people, which had been so strongly inculcated by the first promoters of the revolution, now flowed on in a course which defied restraint from those who had first impelled it forward. Bailly was desirous that the existing laws and regulations should be respected, though the general disposition of the multitude for change was strongly conducive to the contrary effect. He arrested certain deputies who came from some military insurgents at Nancy. He opposed the rash proceedings of Marat and Hubert. He was a member of a club less promiscuous in its admission of members than that of the Jacobins. He exerted himself in an attempt to persuade the populace to permit the royal family to depart to St. Cloud; and, lastly, on an occasion when the multitude assaulted the soldiery in the Champ de Mars, he ordered the latter to fire, by which about forty persons were killed, and upwards of one hundred wounded. These proceedings entirely destroyed his popularity, in consequence of which he resigned his office at the disso-

lution of the constituent assembly at the end of the year 1791.

From this period he lived in retirement, pursuing his literary and philosophical researches, and never soliciting public notice, except when called upon to answer some imputation. This unobtrusive conduct could not, however, secure him, as the times of bloody proscription approached. He was denounced, apprehended in an obscure country house, and committed to prison. His trial, as a conspirator against the republic, was similar to those mockeries of public investigation which at that time disgraced the reigning party. He was condemned to death, and executed the next day near the spot where he gave the order for the military to fire on the people. Circumstances of peculiar ignominy attended his execution. He was treated with all that obdurate cruelty which the lower classes of society, or perhaps the great mass of the human species, are capable of exercising when their passions are roused, and their enmity prompts them to sport with the sufferings of such wretches as may be in their power. He wore the red shirt, or badge of conspiracy, and was placed in a cart, with his hands tied behind him. The rain poured on his head during the whole progress towards the fatal spot. Mud was thrown, and every insult and cruel derision was bestowed upon him. It was necessary to remove the guillotine from the spot where it was first placed to another, where the ground was firmer, during which he was forced to get out of the cart, and walk round the field, in order to gratify more completely the rancour of the mob. He bore these last trials with firmness. A bystander, at the time of his ascending the platform, insultingly exclaimed, Bailly, you tremble; to which he instantly answered, Yes, but not with fear. In fact, he shook from the inclemency of the weather.

Thus perished Bailly in the fifty-seventh year of his age, a man whose character may be best judged from his works. In person he was tall, and of a sedate but striking countenance, far removed from the expression of apathy. He retired from office, impoverished by the loss of his pension, without any adequate provision; in which instance, as well as in numerous private transactions, he established his character for integrity and disinterestedness. He had eight nephews, whom he educated with all the care of a father. His wife, whom he married in 1787, was the widow of his intimate friend Raymond Gaye. She survived him.

In giving our opinion of others, it would be useful to consider that we have two ears and but one tongue.



## EUGENIO.

(Continued from page 178.)

I shall produce two letters of the latest date, which I find in the packet left me by Eugenio. The first is from Amelia.

"My best of friends,

Our hopes are gone. He, to whom my first vows were made, at a time indeed when your Amelia knew little of thy sex, and less of her own bosom, still insists on the sacred promise I made, either to unite myself to him, or to live single through my life. I will live single through my life, my poor Eugenio, and consecrate my days to thinking of thee. This is, indeed, no sacrifice; for marriage with any one but you, would be ten thousand times worse than death. I will not mock your true and tender nature with offering you friendship instead of that love we are forbid to indulge. We will, we must love to the last of life; but we must love in our case without personal communication. The light of mutual passion must no longer flame from our eyes, and no longer will the moments steal on unwearied kisses. In exchange for all this it were a foolish parade to offer friendship: true love will have all or nothing; it disdains all compromise, and cannot be shaped down to a feebler sentiment; it beggars all the other passions and propensities of our nature; and though it fail of success itself, overbears all competition in the mind. Till love has gained its object, all other objects are suspended but those which concern our preservation; and even those can hardly rouse the soul to activity, where love, true love has been disappointed: alas! it only yields to despair, and retreats together with the spirits and the life. But are we not, Eugenio, unequally adapted to wrestle with our sorrows? My mind is of a weaker mould, and draws no support from philosophy and profound contemplation. My reason, my little reason, has so long been engaged on the side of my love, that how on a sudden to make it act in opposition to it, I know not; I am only assured of this, that I bound myself by vows as solemn as those which are made to the altar, to marry none but this thy pertinacious rival: my father's word, too, thou knowest has been most sacredly given, and his Amelia is not so dear to him as his conscience.

"Ah! my love, do not try thy dear influence over my mind, to overthrow these trembling resolutions which have cost me so

much to rear. You have sometimes told me that you loved my infirmities; you must now do more, my Eugenio; you must reverence them: you must forbear the use of that resistless power which the excess of my passion has placed in your hands. Spare, I beseech you my imbecility, and pity me when I own that I am a true woman, and the worst constituted in the world for a female philosopher. Assist me with your counsel, and be my protector against myself. Impart to me a portion of your philosophy, and aid my doubtful courage with your example as well as your lessons.

There was a time Eugenio, when my heart caught instruction from thy lips, and truth found its way to my bosom in a shower of kisses. There was a time when the idea of love was coupled with virtue, and my duties and my wishes went hand in hand: when all thy precepts were in league with love, and thy morality was dressed in smiles of tenderness: alas! forgive me, if, with a woman's weakness, I bring a bosom but ill prepared for the counsel I now implore: if the cold philosophy which I now entreat to share with thee is less welcome to my heart than those dear enchanting lessons which contained advice no longer practicable and which respected objects and situations to which we are now forbid to raise our hopes.

The only arguments my feebler light affords me by which I can expect to persuade Eugenio, are wrapped up in this melancholy fact, that neither my father nor myself could ever taste pleasure more, were we to break the vows and promises we have made to another. I know thy fine and erect virtue; and that to possess me under such circumstances of degradation, would disturb for ever your repose, would sink us in our own estimation, and make us a mutual reproach. What I feel at this moment I do not pretend to disguise; I do feel all that disappointed passion can feel; all that woman can feel when robbed of her heart, the protector of her person, the crown of her innocence, the author of her delight, and the source of her dignity. My mind has nothing in this world to look to but endless regrets, irremediable sorrows. I am indeed a mere woman, and no heroine: no consolation is present to my mind, unless, indeed, some little support from the consciousness of acting justly lends to my poor spirits. Sorry requital! if that were all; if it were not seconded by the hopes of being with my love again in that world where virtue shall meet with no disappointments nor affection go unrewarded.

Fare thee well, my dearest Love!"

## THE ANSWER.

Alas! my Amelia was never so mistaken as in the philosophy she ascribes to her poor Eugenio. There is seldom a fund in nature sufficient to supply, by posterior efforts of industry, the defects of education. I know of but three ways in which our passions are opposed:—by the force of habits, by diversion and by reason: all the three are thine; while I can boast only of one, and that in much less proportion than your partial judgment supposes. A passion is rarely overcome by reason alone: and though human vanity is ready enough to put the fairest constructions upon these mental victories, they are in truth much oftener imputable to the prevalence of some counter passion, than to the proud endeavours of reason and philosophy. As an aid to these counter passions, or as a confirmation of our habits, its services may be great; but trust me, reason can achieve but little of itself; besides which, be assured that reason never reaches its proper maturity and perfection, but where the mind has been duly prepared, and nourished by habit.

A consistent, natural, and practical education, you well know, thy Eugenio has never received. With the first curiosities of my mind, with the earliest efforts of my fancy, I drew in a cast of ideas barren to all the purposes of life, and destitute of any sound intellectual nourishment. My subsequent habits were formed upon an eccentric model, from which nothing, indeed, but virtue could be learned: but a species of virtue unaccommodated to the occasions of life, and though conversant about the highest perfection of our being yet unshaped to our practical duties, and the real wants and emergencies of common situations. I was early taught to reason wrong on life; to build expectations that were never to be realised, and to affect a character unsolid in itself, and unsocial in its tendency. As far, therefore, as habits could influence me, I was led directly out of the path of true philosophy, which is excellent only as it embraces objects of practical utility; is illustrative of man's nature, and of real life; and is addressed to the wants of humanity. He, whom I regarded as mankind's epitome, was in truth a chapter of digressions; unpappily I mistook the exception for the general rule: such was the father of Eugenio. I am no advocate for too wide a spirit of accommodation; but that is, indeed, an important lesson which early teaches us to separate speculation from practice; to found no expectations of life on visionary forms of virtue; and to forbear straining our habits and our actions to a rule of ideal perfec-



tion, lest the man of real worth be lost in the hero.

(To be concluded next week.)

## MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

### FOR THE REPOSITORY.

The philanthropic Dr. Watts in his posthumous works, has forcibly shown that gentleness in address can only be effective in convincing our opponents. The enlightened part of mankind will always be persuaded with him that "the mildest manner to the erroneous, is the best way to convince them of their mistake. Sometimes it is necessary to represent to our adversary that he is not far off from the truth, and that we would fain draw him a little nearer to it; commending and establishing whatever he says that is just. Come as near to our opponent as we can in all our propositions, and yield to him as much as we dare, in consistency with truth and justice.

'Tis a very great and fatal mistake in persons who attempt to convince or reconcile others to their party, when they make this difference appear as wide as possible: this is shocking to any person who is to be convinced, he will choose rather to maintain his own opinions, if he cannot come into yours without renouncing and abandoning every thing that he believed before. Human nature must be flattered a little as well as reasoned with, that so the argument may be able to come at his understanding, which otherwise would be thrust off at a distance. If you charge a man with nonsense and absurdities, with heresy and self-contradiction, you take a very wrong step towards convincing him.

Remember that error is not to be rooted out of the mind of man by reproachings and railings, by flashes of wit and biting jests, by loud exclamations or sharp ridicule: long declamations and triumph over our neighbour's mistake, will not prove the way to convince him; these are signs either of a bad cause, or a want of arguments or capacity for the defence of a good one.

The same writer speaking of the power of eloquence observes, that "when a man of eloquence speaks or writes upon any subject, we are too ready to run into his sentiments, being sweetly and insensibly drawn by the smoothness of his harangue, and the pathetic power of his language. Rhetoric will varnish every error, so that it will appear in

the dress of truth, and put such ornaments upon vice, as to make it look like virtue. It is an art of wondrous and extensive influence; it often conceals, obscures, or overwhelms the truth, and places sometimes a gross falsehood in the most alluring light. The decency of action, the music of the voice, the harmony of the periods, the beauty of the stile, and all the engaging airs of the speaker, have often charmed the hearers into error, and persuaded them to approve whatsoever was proposed in so agreeable a manner. A large assembly stands exposed at once to the power of these prejudices, and imbibes them all. So Cicero and Demosthenes made the Romans and the Athenians believe almost whatsoever they pleased.

The best defence against both these dangers, is to learn the skill (as much as possible) of separating our thoughts and ideas from words and phrases, to judge of the things from their own natures, and in their natural or just relation to one another, abstracted from the use of language, and to maintain a steady and obstinate resolution, to hearken to nothing but truth, in whatsoever stile or dress it appears.

Death, to a good man, is but passing through a dark entry, out of one little room of his father's house, into another that is fair and large, lightsome and glorious, and divinely entertaining. O, may the rays and splendours of my heavenly apartment shoot far downward, and gild the dark entry with such a cheerful gleam, as to banish every fear when I shall be called to pass through!

### ON AN AMOROUS OLD MAN.

Still hov'ring round the fair at sixty-four,  
Unfit to love, unable to give o'er;  
A flesh-fly, that just flutters on the wing,  
Awake to buzz, but not alive to sting;  
Brisk where he cannot, backward where he can,  
The teasing ghost of the departed man.

### SONNET, ON SEEING MY INFANT DAUGHTER SMILE.

Dear, is that cherub smile, sweet innocent!  
Heaven bids thee thus reward a parent's care,  
Whilst Hope and Love alternate swells  
his breast.

May virtuous joy thy every moment share,  
Nor e'er Misfortune, by some demon sent,  
Assail thy heart, or break thy peaceful rest,  
But life's mild day with thee unclouded pass!  
Fate, spare me yet—nor from thine awful glass  
Shake my last sand—I anxious am to live  
To see my plant a firmershoot put forth,  
That I may wake within her tender mind  
Those heavenly feelings that shall bless her kind,  
And call integrity to guard her worth—  
This granted—take the fleeting breath I'll freely give.

### A FRAGMENT.

Fair morn ascends; soft zephyr's wing  
O'er hill and vale renews the spring;  
Where sown profusely herb and flow'r  
Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r  
Their souls in fragrant dew exhale,  
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.  
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,  
Where sweetly-pensive Silence reigns;  
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,  
A mountain fades into the sky;  
While winding round, diffus'd and deep,  
A river rolls with sounding sweep.  
Of human art no traces near  
I seem alone with Nature here!  
Here are thy walks, O sacred Health!  
The monarch's bliss, the beggar's wealth,  
The seas'ning of all good below!  
The sov'reign friend in joy or woe!  
O thou! most courted, most despis'd,  
And but in absence duly priz'd!  
Pow'r of the soft and rosy face,  
The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,  
The spirits when they gayest shine,  
Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine!  
O sun of life! whose hea'v'nly ray  
Lights up and cheers our various day,  
The turbulence of hopes and fears,  
The storm of fate, the cloud of years,  
Till Nature, with thy parting light,  
Reposes late in Death's calm night:  
Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,  
Abodes of splendid pain and hate;  
Fled from the couch where in sweet sleep  
Hot Riot would his anguish steep,  
But tosses through the midnight shade,  
Of death of life alike afraid;  
For ever fled to shady cell,  
Where temp'rance, where the Muses dwell;  
Thou oft' art seen, at early dawn,  
Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn;



Or on the brow of mountain high,  
In silence feasting ear and eye  
With song and prospect, which abound  
From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noontide ray,  
Flames forth intolerable day;  
While Heat sits fervent on the plain,  
With Thirst and Languor in his train,  
All Nature sick'ning in the blaze,  
Thou, in the wild and woody maze  
That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,  
Impendant from the neighb'ring steep,  
Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,  
Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There plung'd amid the shadows brown,  
Imagination lays him down,  
Attentive, in his airy mood,  
To ev'ry murmur of the wood:  
The bee in yonder flow'ry nook,  
The chidings of the headlong brook,  
The green leaf shiv'ring in the gale,  
The warbling hill, the lowing vale,  
The distant woodman's echoing stroke,  
The thunder of the falling oak:  
From thought to thought in vision led,  
He holds high converse with the dead,  
Sages or poets, See they rise,  
And shadowy skim before his eyes.  
Hark! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,  
That soften'd savages to men:  
Lo, Socrates! the sent of Heav'n,  
To whom its moral will was giv'n:  
Fathers and friends of human kind,  
They form'd the nations, or refin'd:  
With all that mends the head and heart,  
Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

While thus I mus'd beneath the shade,  
At once the sounding breeze was laid,  
And nature, by the unknown law,  
Shook deep with reverential awe.  
Dumb silence grew upon the hour,  
A browner night involv'd the bow'r;  
When, issuing from the inmost wood,  
Appear'd fair Freedom's genius good.  
O Freedom! sov'reign boon of Heav'n,  
Great charter with our being giv'n,  
For which the patriot and the sage  
Have plann'd, have bled, thro' ev'ry age!  
High privilege of human race,  
Beyond a mortal monarch's grace,  
Who could not give, nor can reclaim,  
What but from God immediate came!

#### THE MORNING OF LIFE.

All hail! ye sweet and youthful hours,  
Endear'd by Friendship's winning powers,  
And soft delights of love;  
Whilst as we tread Life's path so green,  
Contentment sheds her ray serene,  
And shines where'er we rove.

All hail! ye pure and harmless days,  
When bright ey'd Hope the bosom sways,  
Uncheck'd by gloomy Fear;  
While Fancy, as her raptures glow,  
With rosy garland binds the brow,  
Chasing away each tear.

Oh youth! thy sun with quick'ning ray,  
Bids in the heart each fibre play,  
The eye with transport roll,  
Then truth displays her radiant form,  
Then brave desires the bosom warm,  
And triumph swell the soul.

Dear season! when Misfortune's dart  
Has never rankled in the heart,  
Nor cold Indifference reign'd,  
When sad Experience ne'er has thrown,  
O'er future life, its cheerless gloom,  
Or its gay prospects stain'd.

When Mem'ry's mild and magic powers,  
Recalling sweet departed hours,  
The flattering hope excites,  
From 'mongst the flowers that once had  
bloom,  
To form a wreath for years to come,  
Of ever rich delights.

Oh Life! amidst thy varying scene,  
Though sorrows sometimes intervene,  
Yet sure they quick depart;  
Then why should restless man complain,  
Since joys so pure to thee pertain  
To fill the feeling heart.

#### HORACE. ODE 30th, BOOK 3d.

A lasting monument I'll raise  
To sound to future time my praise,  
Which shall the strength of brass defy,  
And tow'ring reach the lofty sky.  
Unmov'd by time's destructive hand  
Shall waft my fame to distant land;  
Where, tho' the wind and thunder roar,  
And dash the billows to the shore;  
Yet shall I live, my verse remain,  
And brave the feeble wind and rain;  
And tho' my mortal part may die,  
My noble Self shall live on high.  
Long as the priest with rites divine,  
Shall consecrate the hallow'd shrine,  
And whilst the vestal maids retire,  
To keep alive the heav'nly fire.  
There shall I spread my matchless fame,  
Where Aufidus his silver stream  
In torrents rolls, when'er with force  
In rapid whirls it takes its course;  
Where Daunus reigns with rustic sway,  
And conquer'd realms his power obey.  
Take, take my muse the merit due,  
The praise acquired I owe to you;

Haste to entwine my curling hair  
With laurels, such as poets wear;  
And thus let every worthy bard,  
In laurel meet his due reward.

#### A PASTOREL BALLAD.

Ah, Celia! when wilt thou be kind?  
When pity my tears and complaint?  
To mercy, my fair! be inclin'd,  
For mercy belongs to the saint.

Oh! dart not disdain from thine eye!  
Propitiously smile on my love!  
No more let me heave the sad sigh,  
But all cares from my bosom remove!

My gardens are crowded with flowers,  
My vines are all loaded with grapes;  
Nature sports in my fountains and bowers,  
And assumes the most beautiful shapes.

The shepherds admire my lays,  
When I pipe they all flock to the song;  
They deck me with laurel and bays,  
And list to me all the day long.

But their laurels and praises are vain,  
They've no joy nor delight for me now,  
For Celia despises the strain,  
And that withers the wreath on my brow.

Then adieu, ye gay shepherds and maids!  
I'll hie to the woods and the groves;  
There complain in the thicket's dark shades,  
And chaunt the sad tale of my loves!

T. L.

MARRIED.—On Thursday the 6th instant,  
by the Rev. Mr. Potts, Mr. William Coul-  
ten, to Miss Mary Rhees, both of this city.

#### IRWIN & KELLEY,

Have for sale, a general assortment of books  
and stationary, vocal music, and instrumen-  
tal do. for the piano forte, clarinett, violin and  
German flute, blank music paper and ruled  
do. &c. &c.

*Terms of the Repository.*—Four dollars  
per annum, payable quarterly. Distant sub-  
scribers to pay half yearly in advance, or  
obtain sufficient security in the city.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY IRWIN AND  
KELLEY, NO. 76, NORTH FOURTH-STREET,  
Where Subscriptions and Literary Commu-  
nications will be received.

\* \* \* Printing of every description executed  
at the above place.